

The most lamentable Tragedie

Marrie for Iustice she is so imployd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Titus. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
He diue into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles.

Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bond-men, framd of the Cyclops size,
But mettall *Marcus*, steele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backs can beare:
And sith theres no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods,
To send downe Iustice for to wreake our wrongs:
Come to this geare, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrowes.

Ad Iouem, thats for you, here *ad Apollonem*,

Ad Martem, thats for my selfe,

Here boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,

To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,

You were as good to shoote against the winde.

Too it boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid,

Of my word, I haue written to effect,

Theres not a God left vsollicited.

Marcus Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Titus. Now Maisters draw, oh well said *Lucius*,
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gald, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,

And

of *Titus Andronicus*.

And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not choose
But giue them to his maister for a present.

Titus. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pidgions in it.

Titus. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the poast is come.

Sirra what tydings, haue you any letters?

Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the libbetmaker, hee sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till the next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir I know not *Iupiter*:

I neuer dranke with him in all my life:

Titus. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my pidgions sir, nothing els.

Titus. Why, didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen I alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bold, to presse to heauen in my young dayes.

Why I am going with my pidgions to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperialls men.

Marcus. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgions to the Emperour from you.

Titus. Tell mee can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a grace?

Clowne. Nay truly sir, I could neuer say grace in all my life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no more adoe,

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But